

# The V. C. Review

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## The Spirit of Christmas

And there were in the same country  
Shepherds watching, and keeping  
the night watches over their flock.  
And behold, an Angel of the Lord  
stood by them, and the brightness of  
God shone round about them; and  
they feared with a great fear. And  
the Angel said to them: Fear not;  
for, behold, I bring you good tidings  
of great joy that shall be to all the  
people; for, this day, is born to you  
a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord, in  
the City of David. And this shall  
be a sign unto you. You shall find  
the Infant wrapped in swaddling  
clothes, and laid in a manger. And  
suddenly there was with the Angel  
a multitude of the heavenly army,  
praising God and saying: Glory to  
God in the Highest; and on earth,  
peace to men of good will.

(St. Luke II:8-14)

Vancouver College

Vancouver, B.C.



The Faculty and Students

of

Vancouver College

Respectfully Dedicate

This Issue of

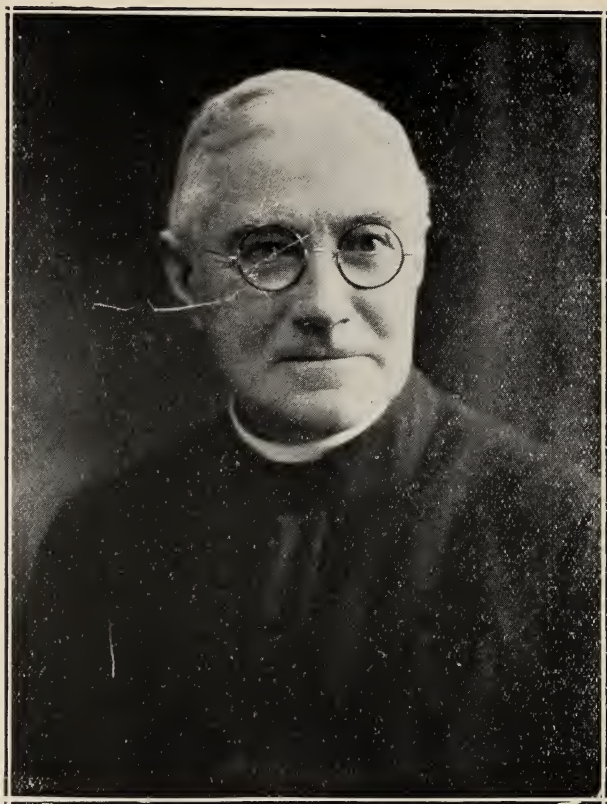
The N. C. Review

to

Very Rev. Bro. P. J. Hennessey, LL.D.

on the Attainment of

His Diamond Jubilee



### DIAMOND JUBILEE OF VERY REV. BRO. P. J. HENNESSY

Extract from the letter of Pope Pius XI. to Very Rev. Bro. Patrick Jerome Hennessy, on the occasion of the celebration of his diamond jubilee as a member of the Irish Christian Brothers:

The Vatican, Aug. 28, 1929.

Very Reverend Brother:

"As you are very soon to celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of the day on which you consecrated your life to God in the cause of the Christian education of youth, the Most Holy Father avails of this unique opportunity to manifest to you His goodwill, as your merits deserve.

"Hence the Sovereign Pontiff heartily congratulates you on this auspicious occasion and, leading the chorus

of congratulations of your fellow religious, gladly participates in their common joy. He prays that you and your Brother-Religious, faithfully observing your Rules and preserving the Rule of life delivered to you by the Holy See, may continue to merit well the favor of Church and State.

"As a pledge of Heavenly favor, and as proof of His special affection, Our Holy Father imparts most lovingly the Apostolic Benediction to you in the first place, to all your Brothers and to all your pupils.

"In sending this message I avail of the opportunity to express to you my sentiments of profound esteem, and I remain,

Yours devotedly,

P. Card. Gasparri."





Art Hall 30

# EDITORIAL

## CHRISTMAS.

Once more the gladdest season of the year has come, and all are busily planning Christmas gifts for their nearest and dearest, not forgetting those who stand outside the charmed circle of home. The spirit of kindness and love has come into its own once more and the joy of giving has ousted the joy of receiving. The world's annual welcome of old Father Christmas rings out again through time and space, while eager hands hasten to adorn the family Christmas tree. The modern world needs the Christmas message of peace and joy—a respite from the turmoil and hurry of every day life, when a halt is called to the strenuous activities and demands of this up-to-date century. The stimulating effects of new discoveries, new inventions, the speeding up of human efforts to keep pace with the spirit of the time, the breathless pace of ordinary life slow down as December 25th draws near.

Even Thanksgiving Day cannot vie with the day of days when the boughs of the fir tree are laden with good things for young and old and the bright lights on its branches twinkle invitingly to warm sad hearts and chase away dull care.

Christmas comes but once a year, it is true, but what good times it does bring in its train, what delightful excitement, what joyous good will. And the houses, how they shine inside and out, and the windows glisten so proudly and every doorway flaunts its gay welcoming wreath. Lights gleam, children shout, the very air is vibrant with that intangible but very real thing we call Christmas spirit. Busy times and jolly times, and if we are weary when it is all over, it leaves behind pleasant memories of joys and happiness that will be retained for evermore.

—Fred Smith.

## THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

Three kings set out upon a quest—  
To seek a star by heaven blest,  
Onward, always sought the three,  
To behold this mystery.

The star moved onward giving light;  
They ever followed night on night,  
Till at last it halted o'er  
A poor and humble stable door.

They entered: then they stopped in  
fright  
In reverend awe at this great sight—  
There lay before them weak and cold  
The Infant Saviour, as foretold.

They offered gifts both rich and rare  
Of frank-incense, and gold, and myrrh,  
Then humbly postured on the sod,  
With joy the three adored their God.

—Terry Jarvis.

## MASTERPIECES OF LITERATURE

### Arthurian Legends.

When Jean Bodel wrote in the twelfth century concerning Charlemagne's wars against Saxons, he incidentally mentioned that the cultivated and intellectual of his day found sources of romance in the affairs of France, of Britain and of Rome the Mighty. He could little have thought how often this division of the sources of romance would have been commendably repeated in the years that were to follow.

In truth, the history of Charlemagne, as embodied in the story of the foundation and sustenance of his realm, is replete with romance. From this source the inspiration and the genius of the French nation grew so as to be an influence European in extent. The classical legends of Greece and Rome will never lose their imaginative values and will be forever attracting to themselves the interest of the heroic and the courageous in every land. But the Arthurian legends have not been accepted so much as monuments of history as perennial springs of hardihood, valor, gentleness, mercy and justice. For this reason, it was a fortunate circumstance for the advancement of idealism that Sir Thomas Malory should render us in the fifteenth century, such a marvelous prose redaction of the legends, and that four centuries later Tennyson should have lent his splendid Christian spirit to the idealization of them.

Though no one would think of consulting the Arthurian legends as sources of history, nevertheless it is true to say that the Arthurian legends have grown into romantic molds only because the centuries have added imagined glory to the name of a one-time hero who, according to Caxton's prologue, was none other than "Patricius Arthurus Britanniae, Germaniae, Daciae Imperator." As the nation to which he belonged grew to manhood and power through the flourish of arms it was only natural that it should be deemed honourable to recall the deeds of a great leader of the race and in recalling them gradually to clothe positive history in the trappings of rich romance. On the other hand, Charlemagne's exploits were positive and testified history, but, being so, had

perhaps lost much of that warmth which untrammelled thought always adds to cold facts. Yet, in time, so intermingled did Arthur's weird battles become with Charlemagne's deeds of Justice and heroism that the labors of scholars have been sorely thwarted by the difficulty attending the separation of the Carolingian from the Arthurian legends.

To Sir Thomas Malory, "a man of heroic temper from his youth," we are indebted for a compilation in prose forms of the legends which go to fashion the "History of the noble King Arthur." Lest Caxton might be judged to have printed an undesired book he tells us in the preface to Malory's History of Arthur that there was a distinctive desire on the part of many to read the inspiring deeds of the hero. Hence he says he directs his book "unto all noble, princes, lordes, and ladyes, gentylmen or gentylwymmen, that desire to rede or here redde of the noble and joyous hystorye of the grete conquerour and excellent King, King Arthur, somytime Kyng of the noble royalme thenne called Brytagne."

This quotation from Caxton makes for the reality of the hero but the history of literature has in addition to this traced Arthur's name to Nennius's "Historia Britonum." This was a work compiled from sources of history previous to the seventh century. Nennius speaks of Arthur as a powerful defender of the realm against the Saxon's, whom he defeated in twelve battles. One of his great victories was set down some years previous to 500 A.D. Caxton sustained his own personal belief in Arthur by making him one of the three greatest Christian noblemen of all time. "There have been since the Incarnation," he says, "three noble Christian men stalled and admitted through the universal world — of whom the first was Arthur—the second was Charlemagne—and the third and last was Godfrey of Boulogne." Wherefore he continues to say that he has determined under the direction, favor and correction of all noble, lords, and gentlemen to print the "histories of the said King Arthur and of certain of his Knights" after a copy delivered unto him; which copy Sir Thomas Mallory did take out of certain books of French and reduced it into English.

He assures us we shall find in the book incentives to courtesy, humanity, friendship, love and hardiness, as well as examples of murder, hate, virtue and sin. As to our belief in the legends he warns us quaintly: "But for to give faith and belief that all is true that is herein contained ye be at your own liberty." Adding, "Do after the good and leave the evil and it shall bring you unto good fame and renown."

Malory's work is a surprisingly placid relation of a thousand wondrous deeds. The style is simple, and direct. There is no glorification, no intrusion of the writer. It is scriptural in its vividness and as movable in its episodes. At no time does Malory stir emotions intentionally. Forever he keeps telling enough to make a record of the event, and at the same time affords a background wherein there is ample space for the imagination of the reader. To give an instance let us cite the account in the book of Lucius of the coronation of Arthur. He writes of this important event thus: "There the senators made all things ready for his coronation. And then at the day appointed, as the romance telleth, he came to Rome and there he was crowned emperor by the Pope's own hands with all the solemnity that could be made." This is a fine example of the calmness and the poise of Malory as he wanders in and out of structures of vast proportions and describes deeds rich in imaginative values.

The value of Malory's history was still more enhanced by the twelve *Sense against the Spirit*," Tennyson offered as a picturesque co-ordination of the allegorical theme which may be found in his story of Arthur. If in turning the episodes of Arthur's daring into the allegory of the "War of Sense against the spirit," Tennyson has robbed the hero of his personality, he has nevertheless without dwarfing the events, elaborated them with the subtlest cunning of his art. In fact, the word *Idylls* became a wise selection for the name of a series of books all of which fashioned beautiful pictures as well as related interesting episodes.

As an instance of the beauty which the poet's mind found lurking in Malory's prose, let us cite just one example. It will be that simple direct ac-

count of Malory concerning Sir Bedivere's delay to throw the brand Excalibur into the lake. Malory says:

"So Sir Bedivere departed, and by the way he beheld that noble sword, that the pommel and the haft was all of precious stones; and then he said to himself: 'If I throw this rich sword in the water, thereof shall never come good, but harm and loss,' and then Sir Bedivere hid Excalibur under a tree.

And being condemned for his delay to obey we read:

"Then Sir Bedivere departed, and went to the sword, and lightly took it up, and went to the water side, and there he bound the girdle about the hilt, and then he threw the sword as far into the water as he might."

And now this is how Tennyson has added to the bare story of Sir Thomas Malory. Sir Bedivere drew forth Excalibur with intention to obey the King's behest, but who could blame him for delay when:

" . . . . . the winter moon  
Brightening the skirts of a long cloud  
ran forth,  
And sparkled keen with frost against  
the hilt,  
For all the haft twinkled with diamond  
sparks  
Myriads of topaz lights, and jacinth  
work  
Of subtlest jewelry. He gazed so long  
That both his eyes were dazzled. . . ."

When finally he makes up his mind to throw away the precious thing this is what he sees:

" . . . The great brand  
Made lightnings in the splendor of the  
moon,  
And flashing round and round and  
whirled in an arch  
Shot like a streamer of the northern  
morn  
Seen where the moving isles of winter  
shook  
By night, with noises of the northern  
sea."

Thus the "Idylls of the King," with their charming idealization of Arthur and his knights will always stand side by side with Malory's "noble and joyous history" as fountains of pure delight for the readers of literature whose mind wearies betimes of the cold hampering realism of modern literary tendencies.

—M.J.L.



## SHILLIAM WAKESPEARE AND— OURSELVES.

"A perilous knock!"—Another pane of glass gone, Brother!

"A palpable hit."—Snowball.

"How oft the sight to do ill-deeds makes ill-deeds done!"—Snowfall.

"I cannot call you Lycurguses."—A wet Monday "bouquets."

"In the posteriors of this day which the rude multitude call the afternoon."—Our Stilted Stylists.

"Arts, man, perambulate! We will be singled from the barbarous."—Van. High School Exclusiveness.

"Priscian a little scratched."—Winner of Provincial Oratorical Contest.

"Your reasons have been sharp without scurrility, witty without affectation, audacious without impudence."—The bridge was up, Brother!

"I have a head, sir, that will find logs."—A Mathematical Eleventh.

"Good wits will be jangling."—Class Debates.

"What does our cousin lay to Mowbray's charge?"—College Assizes.

"Norfolk! throw down! there is no boot!"—Not the Junior Shoe-room!

"Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour."—"Beanery" Aftermath.

"We must supplant these rug-headed kern."—Canadian Rugby.

"I see thy glory like a shooting star fall to the base earth from the firmament."—A Good Tackle.

"Hold thy peace!"—Buns run low at 3 o'clock.

"I will go root away the noisome weeds that without profit suck the soil's fertility from the wholesome flowers."—"Jack."

"I am sworn brother to grim necessity."—Remain in next Saturday!

"Give me my boots, I say!"—Locker Room.

"What shrill-voiced suppliant makes this eager cry?"—How many rings for Br. S———?

"Patience is stale and I'm weary of it." Keep off the grass!

"At Holmedon met, where they did spend a sad and bloody hour."—Battle O' New Westminster.

"His years but young, his experience old, his head unmingled, but his judgment ripe. And in a word he

is complete in feature and in mind, with all good grace to be a gentleman."—A V.C. Pin Holder.

"Let's tune and to it lustily.—The Orchestra.

"The council shall hear it! It's a riot." Br. H—— on a wet day.

"You Banbury cheese!"—Mind your Pin!

"Thou mountain-foreigner!" — Any Taffies?

"Did you not lend it to Abie Shortcake upon Allhallowmass last, a fortnight before Michaelmas?"—Br. P. to Junior Boarder, whose book is "lifted."

"I will description the matter to you if you be capacity of it."—Our Oscar.

"Trudge, plod away, in the hoof, seek shelter, pack!"—An Imperative Mood.

"I drink the air before me and return or e'er your pulse twice beat."—"Bill" on a message.

"Here'll be an old abusing of God's patience and the king's English."—Composition Period.

"An he fall in, good night! or sink or swim."—Canoes at Bowen Island.

"Go, tenderness of years! Bring him festinately hither."—Our Court Herald.

"Your hands in your pockets like a man after an old painting."—Many a V.C. boy.

"A most acute juvenal!" Any "olive branch" in Grade Three.

"What, you egg!"—Small boys ought be seen ———.

"The heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling." — 'Shun, Tenth!

"But for the elegance, facility and golden cadence of posey-caret!—Aspiring "Potes."

"O trespass sweetly urged!"—A half-holiday forgotten.

"What if this mixture do not work at all!"—Scientific doubts.

"He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument."—Doug! guess again.

"I am as melancholy as a gib-cat or a lugged bear."—A New Boarder.

"The spirit of the time shall teach me speed."—X. and his car.

"Men's mouths are full of it!"—The Gum Habit.



"A fearful eye thou hast!"—"Eye-witness after the game.

"My lord, they say five moons were seen tonight. Four fixed, the fifth did whirl about the other four in wondrous motion."—A Game Feeling.

(To be discontinued).

### CRITICISM

Recently I sat beside a certain man at a rugby game. I enjoyed the game, but not the man beside me. He would persist in suggesting better plays. "Oh, what a bone play," he would exclaim. "Why didn't he run to the right where there was an open field instead of going for a line buck." The signals called for a line buck. Pity the man on the bench could not call the signals! How quick he was to see the great open spaces for free runs when the play was over. Put this expert into the game. Do you think he will be a real sport? Ten to one he will give futile directions, will order the players about and not having a bird's eye view of the game as he had in his comfortable seat on the grandstand, he will pull all the bone plays, will yell at the referee for imaginary offsides and penalties, taking his licking like a whining cur. As the proverb so aptly says: "The best hurler is the hurler on the fence."

The best writer is the one who never writes. He it is who grouches, who says this is a loose construction, that is a faulty phrase, who assumes an attitude of proud disdain towards the fallible mortals who write. He, himself never writes. If he did, he might become sympathetic, indeed he might become tolerant and in his turn become tolerable. Whenever he does use his pen, it is to draw a red line under all the ills that writers are heir to in their work. The other day a critic of this brand ran to me triumphantly, saying he had found another mistake, this time in spelling in a certain passage. "The poor fish!" How unconscious he was of the other mistake in the same lines! A piece of inaccurate information! !

Before you criticise, think of what you are about to say, and then don't say it. Your neighbor falls thro' frailty, don't crow, fear to fall yourself. You yourself are like the rest of men even

in this, subject to infirmity, to mistakes, in short, mortals. Criticism, destructive and persistent, changes a human being into a crank, and a crank or a sorehead is not sought after in any society. If you have to criticise at all let your words be few and given in a spirit of charity; the world is already too full of scoffers.

Before you criticise be first of all prepared to do the same thing a little bit better yourself. E.B.W.

### THE WAIF.

Within a snow-white curtained cot,  
A withered body lay,  
A rescued little human form,  
Just three years and a day.  
His dawns were dark with hunger's  
blight.

When bright each day should be.  
And helpless as a plumeless bird  
He faced life's open sea.

Deserted, sad and desolate  
They found him all alone.  
'Twas what a hardened world said  
With sad and pitying tone.  
His sails were yet unfurled;  
The hatches open lay;  
The sea of life was calling him,  
But the winds had died away.

Alone the angels watched o'er him  
And loved his little face.  
They hushed their sweetest singing  
In vision of his grace.  
In him they saw that other Child  
Whose tidings they had told,  
Again they thought of Bethlehem  
And saw the stable cold.

Thus, while they lingered round his  
cot,  
They whispered in his ear,  
The songs they chanted long ago  
Upon the midnight air.  
Then on swift wings all gleaming  
white,

With heaven's purest rays,  
They took the world's rejected gift,  
With ecstacy and praise.

And so the cot is empty now,  
E'en still the tale is told,  
How once a withered little form,  
Three years and one day old,  
Was carried off on angel wings,  
Where festive wreaths were hung,  
Where Christmas bells for ever ring,  
And Yuletide songs are sung.—M.J.L.

## SANTA CLAUS

If anyone should know anything about Christmas it is he. He is the first herald of that glorious season and the last to see it die. Two generations of credulous nippers have stared with awe upon that patriarchal beard that was a curiosity in itself for not being false as the majority of those synthetic Santa Clauses are.

For eleven months of the year his occupation is either selling papers or peddling balloons at any opportunity, but on the twelfth he comes into his own, dons his red tunic, gives his beard a very thorough shake (it generally needs it) and sallies forth to meet little boys and girls. These, terrified nigh to extinction, come up to greet him and having once taken the plunge string off at a terrific rate; he nods his head gravely and asks them if they have been good boys or girls. A little sternly he asks them if they think they deserve anything and then makes a pretence of thinking and assures them benignly that they are on his good books and greets the countless other children in exactly the same way and with exactly the same words (Oh, yea, I have done it myself) and I for one think he will continue to do so for ever.

Sometimes this rosy gentleman is outside of Miller and Coe's, another season he is in one of the big departmental stores' Toyland, but wherever he is he has still that old chirpy look to all children and a shy understanding look for their parents. His rosy face and silky beard all one could wish for in a Santa Claus, and I have heard children in mid-summer cry out, "Oh, there's Santa Claus," and never wonder what he is doing away from the North Pole and selling papers instead of mending broken toys. Proving that if a child wants to believe something, believe it he will in spite of anything—even this article.

R. Sidaway.



## CHRISTMAS

Christmas eve has vanished  
With its shadows grey.  
All its griefs are banished  
By bright Christmas day.

Joyful chimes are ringing  
O'er the land and seas  
And there comes glad singing  
Borne on every breeze.

Little heads so curly  
Knowing Christmas laws  
Peep out very early.  
For old Santa Claus.

Little ones are laughing  
O'er their Christmas toys,  
Older ones are quaffing  
Cups of Christmas joys.

Hearts are joyous, cheerful  
Countenances all gay,  
None are sad and tearful  
On this bright holy day.

One vast wave of gladness  
Sweeps its world wide way,  
Drowning every sadness  
On this Christmas day.

Merry, merry Christmas  
May the coming year  
Bring as merry a Christmas  
And as bright a cheer.

T. McNiff.

## THE SCHNEIDER CUP RACE.

Never, down through the ages, has man perfected a passenger-carrying projectile which could attain the tremendous speed of three hundred and twenty-eight miles per hour. At this astounding rate one could circle the earth in approximately seventy-six hours. Less than a century before today Jules Verne's "Around the World in

"Eighty Days" was rated as preposterous.

Let us turn to the scene of this never-to-be-forgotten event.

A tiny blue and white monoplane, its pontoons, each almost as big as its fuselage, glinting silver in the sun. Inside, cramped, masked and goggled, the pilot moves at a speed, man has never touched before—and lived.

Filling the heavens with sound, the deafening boom of his engine, its supercharger gulping fuel at the rate of two gallons a minute.

Behind it a still smaller, blood-red monoplane, missing death by a hair's breadth, as it strives in vain to catch the silver monoplane, skimming over the water so that the non-supercharged engine might suck a mixture one iota denser than that of its rival. The pilot, fighting against unconsciousness while the cockpit fills with air tainted by the exhaust gases. Below blue water, above an azure sky, and around the golden sands of the coastline, more than a million people, their eyes riveted on the spectacle.

So was history made in the Schneider cup race this year, held in England, and christened the greatest event of its kind. For over two years the greatest mechanical and scientific brains were striving to produce the perfection essential to these high-speed craft. Italy expended approximately five million dollars, England over one million on one engine, and France roughly two millions.

On the eventful day, there gathered a small group of pilots who were to stake their lives during that one breathless hour. Some already had withdrawn, but among the others there stood Lieut. Alfred Williams, the famous American ace, Sergt. Agello of Italy, and Waghorn from Britain.

The Italian entries were two Macchi sixty-sevens. These were low winged monoplanes, driven by sixteen cylinder motors. It was rumored that in each of these two engines was crammed twelve hundred horse power. Nestling near by was the Fiat, one of the most peculiar speeders ever built. Only Agello the Italian ace was small enough to climb into it, and it fitted him like a glove. Already this craft had killed one pilot and injured another, for

its controls were light as a feather, and its landing-speed was one hundred and twenty-five miles per hour, the wings being mere stubs. Beside this extraordinary craft was one just as unique. His was the Savoia-Marchetti racer. It had no fuselage or tail, for two one-thousand horse-power engines were placed back to back, and between them was the pilots' cockpit, with a propeller fore and aft. Two booms from the side stretched behind each side of the aft-propeller.

Then came the famous British supermarine "S-6" with a mystery motor. This was the new Rolls-Royce, never before flown in a race with two banks of six cylinders each, super-charged, and with a geared-down air screw which developed over sixteen hundred horse power, the most powerful gasoline engine ever built. The plane was entirely of metal, the gas was carried in the pontoons and oil passed through the fuselage and hollow tail-fin to cool it.

Waghorn after attaining the terrific speed of nearly six miles a minute was asked how he felt going at this tremendous rate. He replied that he did not feel at all dizzy though the oil splashes and gas fumes were very unpleasant.

He sat almost on the floor of the duraluminum cockpit, which gave him barely shoulder room. So delicately balanced are these planes, that if one float was slightly damaged landing at one hundred miles per hour, death would result instantaneously.

Another young pilot of the British team remarked that if the turn is taken too rapidly, one would experience what is called a "black-out." This term applies to the momentary blindness caused by the expulsion of the blood from the retina of the eye. This lasts only during the bank and is caused by centrifugal force. After the victory one of the British planes bettered its record by making three hundred and sixty-five miles per hour.

What is the use of this great sporting event in the world of aviation and its future? Travelling at Waghorn's speed, one could reach New York from London in nine hours.

W. Lynott



## THE ERROR OF HIS WAY

It was a week before Christmas . . . In the city the people were busy driving hard bargains; in the country, hens were going around with their heads down, and everywhere radios were playing "Silent Night" at all hours of the morning.

Far removed from all these busy scenes was Billy, the hero of this story. In fact, this was a happy day for him as he trudged along, for he was on his way home from school with a prospect of a two-week's vacation in front of him, and a merry Christmas in the offing.

His route, which lay along Oak St., stretched out in bleak perspective; and as the grey clouds gathered in an overcast sky and the wind rose, he hastened his steps, eager to be home. Already stray snow flurries heralded an impending storm; mid-afternoon darkness was setting in and hazy forms (mostly stout) belonging to inveterate golfers could be dimly seen making their way across the fairway that lay on either side of the road.

As he jogged on, Bill's thoughts elevated themselves above his surroundings and took a seasonable turn. He strove hard to renew the acquaintance (mentally) of all those aunts and uncles and cousins that had lain fallow, so to speak, since last Christmas. Couldn't they be put to use again this year, he thought. Then there was always Mother and Dad, of course, and possibly bigger brother might come across. Yes, according to the law of averages, his chances looked pretty bright.

"But what about Santa Claus?" I hear a voice ask over my shoulder. "Didn't he believe that some of his gifts were to come from Santa Claus?"

Pooh, (if the truth must be told) he didn't believe in Santa Claus. His faith in that personage had been badly shaken three years ago when he saw a bedraggled Kriss Kringle hauled to the station house by a policeman. As he grew older, the presence of a ubiquitous Santa Claus on every corner soon did away with the remnants of his belief. But now, as he was nearing the foot of the hill, the thought struck him that perhaps after all, his Christmases

would have been far happier, had his early beliefs not been shattered. He began contrasting the old Christmas morns when he was a "believer" with these recent ones, much to the disadvantage of the latter; and found himself wishing that there still might be such a person, that all the tall stories about him . . . But what was that? Unmistakably the sound of bells; tinkling, buzzing, pealing, bursting bells. Louder and louder, nearer and nearer grew the sound, till it almost seemed to burst his ears. Then suddenly, around a bend in the road, drawn by four prancing steeds which pawed the snow most joyously, and seated on a red sled packed with boxes; seated, whip in hand, and smiling cheerily as he rode, came Santa Claus, a Santa as true to life as any one could picture in his rosiest dreams.

With a "whoa" that split the air, he brought his team to a halt just a few feet in front of where Bill had stopped, amazed. Well, if this didn't beat everything; meeting Santa Claus here on Oak Street, when, a moment ago, he had been denying his existence.

The first thing borne in on Bill's mind was the amount of snow. It must have snowed most wonderfully during the last couple of minutes to have made that depth of covering; for a white blanket, inches thick covered the earth, and Santa himself, as he leaped lightly to the ground, was a happy blend of white and red.

"Now, my good boy," the great man was asking the question for which he is famous, "what do you want for Christmas?"

In a voice surprisingly unlike his own, Bill was conscious of mumbling some utter nonsense about drums and bicycles and such things, the rosy-cheeked one smiling most comprehendingly the while.

"And where do you live?" was the next question from the dispenser of all good things, as he drew from his pocket a little fat note-book bursting at the sides, and prepared to go; for his time, as you know, is precious.

Well, would you believe it? For the first time in his life Bill couldn't remember where he lived. Try as he might, his efforts were useless. He tugged at his memory till he was near-

ly wild with desperation, and all the time the snow was falling thicker and thicker, blotting out what was written in the precious book. Every golden moment was slipping, slipping fast, and those restless horses were prancing, impatient to be off.

Perhaps it was a just punishment. Who knows? But Santa, proverbially busy, couldn't be delayed any longer, and, saying so, leaped hurriedly up to his perch, cracked a whip, and away sped his chargers, quickly disappearing from view in a cloud of snow . . .

As he turned his head sadly away, Bill's eye caught the sight of something lying on the ground . . . something long, thin, and straight, with a knob on the end of it. "A whip," was the first thought to go racing through his dazed brain, he had dropped his whip!

He counted one, two, three, four . . . but no, he couldn't have had FOUR whips.

And then Bill discovered a most disconcerting thing; he was lying on his back with four faces peering into his own, four large, round, red faces (but somehow lacking the cheeriness of the late Santa Claus). They seemed relieved, as he struggled to his feet, brushing the dust off his clothes. With a few hasty words of encouragement, they picked up their clubs, climbed over the fence and were gone.

And alone in the midst of a vast solitude stood Bill, rubbing a lump on his head, and wondering where the buzzing came from.

Mac.

## THE TYPEWRITER

The typewriter is a wonderful instrument. It can write many different languages.

The typewriter makes a handsome Christmas present for children. Bring a couple home and you will be surprised to find how quickly they learn the alphabet.

When buying a typewriter, show the salesman you know as much about the thing as he does himself; (you probably know more. Stroll nonchalantly into the shop and ask for a Remington Six or something like that.

Putting the paper into the machine is the first problem that confronts you

when you reach home. Though you may not like it, it goes in upside down and backwards. You may have some trouble in following these directions, when there is nothing printed on the paper, but always go thru these preliminaries for the sake of practice.

On looking over the key-board you will arrive at the disconcerting conclusion that the first three letters of the alphabet are not a, b, c, in spite of all your early training. They are q, w, e. This knocks out the rest of the letters accordingly.

Before beginning to type you should choose a system. Two well-known systems are the Hunt System and the other system. Strange to say, the Hunt System is not named after the inventor, but receives its name from the fact that you search for or hunt the letters, (get the idea?). In the other system (of which I forget the name) you do not have to look for the letters; you already know where they are and just have to touch them. You can easily see, if you're not a blockhead, that this method is a lot faster.

While typing, it is not the best practice to keep time by tapping on the floor with your foot, as this is apt to disturb persons reading nearby.

A little bell sometimes rings to let you know when you are finished. If you are of an enquiring turn of mind you will probably have the machine apart before you realize it, trying to locate that bell. At all events obey it. It is the gong between rounds, or, better still, the bell at the crossing.

By this time you will have noticed a few yokabobs on the side, which, unless discreetly tapped once in a while, will produce something like this: wiL-Lia\$ Sha%\*67eaR)e [especially when you are in a hurry].

Also, if you don't discover the use of a little jigger on the bottom your word swillrunrightalonglikethis.

You will look in vain for the number "one" on your typewriter. I myself used always print 10 and then rub out the surplus, before I discovered the secret. I would rather have you find it out for yourself, it's great fun.

Well, anyway, the typewriter is a wonderful instrument. This was done with a typewriter.

Mac.

## CHRONICLES.

Very Rev. Br. Ryan, Provincial of the Christian Brothers of Ireland, paid us a sudden and unexpected visit a few days ago. We were glad to see him, and we trust that the trip has been a very restful period from his ordinary onerous duties. We wish him the blessings of a pleasant and joyful Christmas, with success throughout the New Year.

The Novena conducted by Rev Fr. Thayer in honor of the Immaculate Conception ended on the eve of the feast.

On the feast itself, the resident students having fulfilled the spiritual side of the day, enjoyed an entertainment and a "feast of good things" in the Auditorium.

On Friday, the 6th, Rev. Fr. Carey, of St. Paul's Hospital, and Rev Fr. Murphy, of Edmonton, paid us a visit. They are old pupils of the Christian Brothers in Ireland.

The College is very grateful to those boys who enriched the library with so many beautiful and interesting books during Library Week. We trust, that since the cold weather is here, that many boys will become members of the library, and thus enjoy a beneficial half hour's reading during the noon recess.

The Review takes this opportunity of wishing Mr. and Mrs. Geo. E. Gude will the compliments of the season. It also wishes to thank Mr. Gudewill for the financial support he has given the school paper both this year and last.

Congratulations to Mr. J. D. McCormack, K.S.G., who attained his 71st birthday on December 8th. We wish him many more years of happiness and success, and every blessing for Christmas and the New Year.

At this season of the year we owe a word of gratitude to our advertisers. We wish to thank them sincerely for their support. We would also like our readers to show them every possible

appreciation by giving them a call; particularly during the Christmas season.

It is with pleasure that we congratulate Bill McKee, on his recent success. Bill we hear passed successfully his Bank examination and is now employed with the Royal Bank of Canada. We hope to see Bill a bank manager some day. Eh! Bill!

## FROM DAY TO DAY

- |       |   |
|-------|---|
| Sept. | 1929  |
| 3—    | College re-opens; many new faces.   |
| 15—   | Rev. Br. Walsh returns to V. C. from St. Mary's College, Halifax.                                     |
| 18—   | High School Association excludes V. C. from all sports.   |
| 27—   | Massed meeting of students to consider introduction of Canadian Rugby.                                |
| Oct.  |   |
| 2—    | Luncheon and entertainment for Canadian rugby funds; 350 seated to luncheon; great loyalty displayed. |
| 18—   | Debating season opens.  |
| 27—   | First clash of Boarders and Day Boys in rugby.  |
| 28—   | Founders' Day.  |
| 29—   | General Communion in Holy Rosary.<br>Boarders hike to Lynn Valley.                                    |
| 30—   | School holiday in honour of Founders.<br>Ice hockey at the Arena; general skating.                    |
| Nov.  |   |
| 1—    | Church holiday. Boxing begins in V. C.  |
| 9—    | Rotary Ice Carnival; M. Gregory, J. Connick, and J. Hughes come fourth in Relay Race.                 |
| 11—   | Thanksgiving. Many boarders enjoy week-end at home. Big boxing bouts for Juniors and Seniors.         |
| 18—   | Junior High Soccer League is organized.   |
| 19—   | V. C. withdraws soccer teams from B. C. J. F. A.  |
| 20—   | High School classes attend U.B.C.-Saskatchewan game.  |
| 23—   | Annual drive for athletic funds launched.   |
| 26—   | Very Rev. Br. P. J. Ryan, Provincial, comes on brief visit.   |
| 29—   | Try-out for hockey.   |



Dec.

- 5—Ticket campaign closes. Grade 8 is first in classes.
- 7—Columbian College defeats V. C. in a thrilling game.
- 9—The first snowfall.
- 13—Exams! Exams! !
- 20—Entertainment and tombola. Holidays! Hurrah!

### THE ANNUAL WINTER FROLIC

One of the gala affairs this season took place at the Peter Pan Ball room on the night of November 27, when the Vancouver College Alumni entertained at their second annual winter frolic. Purple and gold colors predominated in the decorations used on the occasion, and some local color was added when the ex-students got together to chat about "the good old days."

The affair was under the patronage of Mrs. H. Colgan, Mrs. C. Stafford, Mrs. L. Sweeny, and Mrs. H. Mackin. The committee in charge of arrangements was, Mrs. Horan, Mrs. MacGuinness, Mr. J. Walshe, Mr. E. O'Connor, Mr. W. Smith, and Mr. J. R. O'Hagan.

The Alumni is planning to make 1930 a record year. One of the big features will be a homecoming day on which every man who graduated from the College will be invited to come back and be a Vancouver College Student for a day.

J. P. O'Hagan.

### THE NEW NOTICE BOARD

For the past couple of weeks loiterers in the corridor have had a new alibi for their vagrant habits. They claim to be held under the spell of the flaming posters and divers announcements that so abundantly decorate the bulletin board, and, as a consequence, gaze away half-hours in front of it.

The old notice board that could hardly be read has been replaced by a recently designed new one fresh from the Casano Sign Co., the manager of which, Mr. Castleton, will be remembered as the donor of the beautiful screen that separates the auditorium proper from the stage.

This notice board consists of a black-board, a baized-board and a showcase; and, since its adoption, has held up to the public gaze enough exhibits to fill a museum. It includes in its scope: nondescript lost and found articles, rug-by cartoons, scores of soccer defeats (bantam and under sixteen), articles for sale, notices printed in red, white and blue, badminton ladders, accounts of general school activities et alia.

Watch the bulletin board for all important announcements!

### THE ATHLETIC DRIVE

Twice this term did V. C. call upon her students to get their shoulder to the wheel and help put the drive for athletic funds over the top.

As usual the students entered into their work with a wholehearted enthusiasm and a loyalty that presages good things for the school.

In spite of the obstacles such as slow street cars, continuous fogs and an uncomfortable proximity to Christmas the students vied with each other in their anxiety to make the campaign a success.

On Monday in order to add enthusiasm to the drive anyone who had sold a book or more was given a chance on a Five Dollar gold piece. This was won by W. Clancy.

The first place for ticket selling went to Jack Cody who sold \$30.00 worth of tickets. His performance is all the more remarkable due to the fact that he is a boarder. Second place went to W. Clancy who generally figures high in these drives.

The ticket-sellers next in order are: Lindsay, Yehle, Cahill, Rothwell and Vaughan-Smith. The standing of the classes is as follows:

Grade 8 av. 2.9, first; Grade 7, av. 2.48, second; 2nd year, av. 2.18, third; 3rd year, av. 1.80, fourth; Grade 6, av. 1.76, fifth; 1st yr. A, av. 1.67, sixth.

The prize winners in the drawing were:—

1. George Black, No. 1 Firehall.
2. C. Fleming.
3. B. C. Elliot, Sport Shop.

Peter McGuire



## CANADIAN RUGBY IN VANCOUVER

Students of Vancouver College:

Twenty-seven hundred eager and enthusiastic fans packed the spacious Athletic Park on Saturday, November 23rd, to witness the first game of official Inter-Collegiate Canadian Rugby to be played in Vancouver. To those of us who have watched the game grow from its infancy, the day was a red letter one.

Few of those present realized the tremendous growth of this national game of ours in the city. From an infant in arms, six years have sufficed to see the game develop into a potential giant. Yet, the completion of the first step in this whirl-wind development is only the beginning. Yet greater strides are in store for us—strides which will ultimately see Vancouver take its place among other cities of the Dominion, with teams competing and winning much coveted championships!

Outstanding among those who were instrumental in introducing the game here in 1923 shines the figure of a world-famous athlete, one who held Olympic records—George Gouling, by name. Ably assisted by George Deason, from the University of Toronto, and Don Goldie, a local man, the first league was drawn up, composed of three teams — St. Mark's Sunday School, Ex-King George and the University of British Columbia. The University of British Columbia team dropped out in the middle of the first season owing to lack of interest. The game was not even recognized as a sport on the campus.

In 1924, the following year, a league composed of the aforementioned teams was formed. Lever Bates, who had

recently transferred from the University of Toronto, Malcolm Lange, a local product, and myself succeeded in having the sport recognized by the Athletic Board of the University. That in itself is a long and interesting story, but it will suffice here to say that we succeeded. This was the origination of early morning practices. They seemed effective, for the University won the first official B.C. Canadian Rugby Champinoship.

In 1925, University of B.C. dropped Canadian rugby to play the American game. Three games were played, against the College of Puget Sound, University of Washington Freshmen, and Bellingham State Normal. All three resulted in defeat for the British Columbia team. Recognition was applied for American football—accepted by the students after one of the longest meetings in the history of the College, and turned down by the Board of Governors.

Canadian rugby still functioned in the city. The league was composed of Intermediate teams—the Native Sons, led by the capable Norm Burley, Hyacks, Seaforths, and Meralomas. Native Sons captured the championship and played Victoria. This is the first year that Victoria appears on the scene. Of the results of this game I am not quite sure.

The first lights of success came in 1926, when the "Big Three" was formed of Vancouver, Varsity and Victoria. Vancouver was composed of three men from each of the teams that had made up the Intermediate teams of the previous year. This league was won by Victoria, who played off with Regina Rough Riders. The Rough Riders won by a score of something like 28 to 6.

1927 saw the formation of what is

now known as the "Big Four," composed of Victoria, Vancouver, Varsity and New Westminster. The University of B.C. won the Lipton Cup for its first year of competitive play. They played an unofficial intercollegiate game against the University of Alberta, and were defeated in a two game series.

The season of 1928 was practically a replica of 1927, with the University of British Columbia winning the much coveted trophy for the second time in succession.

In the season just past, which you, yourselves, witnessed and played a prominent part in, we reach the culmination of this thread-bare outline. The season needs no re-telling here, as I am sure you followed the games with the interest which your enthusiasm has displayed.

In conclusion, let me offer my sincere congratulations to the members and staff of Vancouver College in your wonderful pioneer work in the game. Yours is spade work, which will make itself felt in later years. In the development of high school rugby lies the future foundation of the game. The high school player of today, learning to tackle, fall on the ball and such fundamentals, will be the star of tomorrow.

Yours is a great work, and I wish you all the success your hard work deserves—especially to Brother Murtagh, who has extended to me many kindnesses, for which I cannot but take this opportunity of offering my appreciation. I trust that under his guidance, ably assisted by those of you interested in the game, Canadian rugby will rise to great heights in your college.

Yours very truly,  
Harry J. Seed.

### CANADIAN RUGBY IN THE COLLEGE

24, 13, 16, 28, hup-hike . . . The signals crackle across the field from the quarterback and the Boarders complete a masterly forward pass . . . Soon the Day Boys' signals are heard—34, 15, 44, 55 hup—1, 2, 3 and a smashing buck is put thru the line to make yards. What a wonderful difference

there is between these two polished machines to the green rookies, absolutely new to the game, of scarcely three months ago.

Vancouver College can be truly proud of the results that Canadian Rugby has produced amongst the boys. So let us trace the movement of that great game back to its source.

In the beginning of September, it was made known to Vancouver College that being a private school, it was automatically barred from all competitive sport with Public High Schools. A cloud of depression hovered over V. C., but the atmosphere was soon cleared by the quick action of Brother Walsh and Brother Murtagh. Many of the boys had previously shown a liking for Canadian Rugby and it was felt that a most seasonable opportunity to introduce the Canadian code had presented itself. Mr. Norman Burley was conferred with and through his influence Mr. Harry Seed became associated with the movement of adopting Canadian Rugby in V. C.

The result was the historic luncheon which was attended by every boy in the college and showed undisputably that the V. C. students were heart and soul behind the movement, and even if the soup was a little cold the enthusiasm made up for it.

Two days later the squad turned out. Oh, how new were their uniforms, how clean were their sweat shirts and how green were the boys! There were possibly three boys out of the lot who knew anything about the game. "All the better," declared the optimistic Harry Seed: "Just do as I say." So when told to fall on a ball, clip or tackle, they did so, and with such good spirit that after three practices, two teams were lined up and a practice game was set in motion.

From then on progress was rapid. Plays were developed, the clipping and tackling became cleaner and harder. The teams were rounding more and more into shape with each practice. Then came the first game between the Boarders and Day Boys.

The newspapers have told the story, how the day boys went down before the Boarders 5-2. But who can describe the enthusiastic crowd, the glory of the victors and the bitterness of





*Samuel Peters*  
PETERS



LEVESQUE



YEHLE



*J. Hughes*  
HUGHES



*J. Tweddle*  
TWEDDLE



Br. MURTAGH (Mgr)



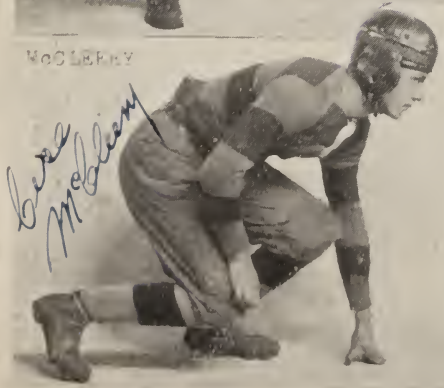
*Robert McLeary*  
MCLEARY



*J. Rooney*  
ROONEY



*H. Orr*  
ORR



*Eric McElroy*  
MCELROY



*P. Biggins*  
BIGGINS

VANCO  
COL  
FIRST CA  
RUGB  
19





NICKERSON



LYNOTT



LaBELLÉ



Mr. HARRY SEED (Coach)



HORSMAN



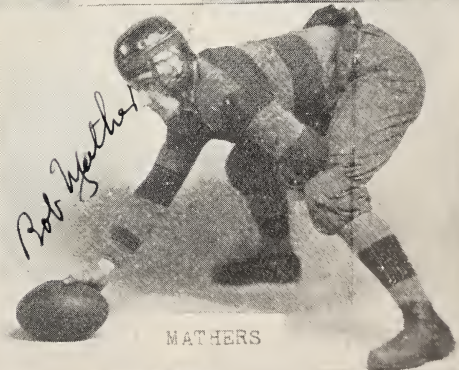
BALFOUR



REYNOLDS  
(Capt.)



KLAUER



MATHERS



MURPHY



GREGORY

OVER  
GE  
ADIAN  
QUAD  
9



the defeated. What matter? The game was fast and clean and abounding with spirit. The second game was a vindication for the Day Boys when they won 25-1 over their rivals.

Then the final; the Boarders showed the result of careful training and practise, and played a sparkling game in which the forward pass dominated and won from the Day Boys 5-1.

What those three games and innumerable practises meant to the players is hard to describe. Douglas and Braemar Parks will hold a place in their hearts and will be one of the happiest memories of their school life.

R. Sidaway.



Mr. Norman G. Burley

In the work of Canadian Rugby in the school Mr. Norman Burley, coach of the V. A. C. "Big Four," played an important part. His instructive black-board talks did much for the game and his having introduced the genial Harry is something which V. C. appreciates.

Mr. Harry Seed pictured with the squad deserves great credit for the splendid training he has given the boys in playing their national game. The College is deeply grateful to Mr. Seed. Norman and Harry are worth knowing for what they are as much as for what they have done.

To Mr. Jack Bentham, Mr. Bob Brown and Mr. Del Finlay V. C. is thankful for their encouraging support.

Brother Murtagh as manager threw himself into the work with his usual pep and enthusiasm and was strongly supported by an energetic faculty and a loyal student body.

## VANCOUVER COLLEGE vs. COLUMBIA COLLEGE

The purple and gold kicked off and in a flash their line was clipped out by the more experienced Columbians. Reynolds following up got the ball on a fumble and the Vancouver boys took first down on their opponents' eighteen yard line. Reynolds used Nickerson and McCleery very effectively and yards were made. The Columbians seemed to have difficulty in stopping these two plunging middles. First down and seven to go! A powerful buck and Nickerson had the ball one yard from the line. A quarter sneak was held. Last down! Hup! Hike! and Nickerson was over. Horsman converted.

Columbia came back with a series of heavy bucks and smart end runs that brought them to their enemy's fifteen yard line. Here they were thrown for a loss on two successive downs by a fighting V. C. squad—then Baker kicked to the dead line to give the blue and white their first point. Play was even for the greater part of this quarter. Near the end, North of Columbia tore his way through the Vancouver line to tie the score. The attempt to convert failed.

Score at end of first period:

Vancouver College, 6. Columbia College, 6.

Mathers kicked deep into the enemy's territory—but the Columbians operating with a heavy line advanced steadily to center field. Getting possession on an incompleting forward pass Gregory fumbled and the ball was recovered by Columbia. McDonald's next play was an unexpected forward heave over his right end which culminated in a touch by Roberts. Score at end of second period: Vancouver College, 6; Columbia College, 11.

Receiving the kick on the Vancouver twenty yard line Horsman ran it back ten yards. V. C. started a drive which steadily moved the ball to the Columbian twenty-five yard line, where the "blue and white" braced and took possession on downs. The Westminster boys then burst into real action and crashed through the "purple and gold" line to make three consecutive first downs. A long forward miss-



ed connection and Vancouver took the ball. Mathers was penalized three minutes for holding. Biggins snapped, Klauer fumbled, Strangland broke through centre, got the ball and was missed by Peters as he ran to touch.

Vancouver College, 6; Columbia College, 16.

Columbia ran the kick back twelve yards, and driving strongly with the down grade made two first downs. McDonald threw a long forward pass over the left. Horsman intercepted on the thirty yard line, and the "purple and gold" worked back to the enemy's twelve yard line, where they lost the ball on downs. Play moved down the field again and the visitors secured possession on a fumble. In the greatest drive of the game the V.C. boys crashed through the enemy's line for three successive first downs. In a wide sweep Reynolds broke loose around the right end to gain eight yards. McCleery was held dead on a plunge at centre. On last down Reynolds went through for yards. Two smashes placed the ball fifteen yards from the line. The Columbian line held strong for two downs, but a criss cross on the third sent Peters clean through and over. Mathers scored the extra point. Final score:

Columbia College .....	16
Vancouver College .....	12

Line up: Snap, Mathers; Insides, Biggins, Rooney; Middles, Nickerson, McCleery; Ends, Lynott, Hughes; Quarter, Reynolds; Halves, Peters, Horsman, Gregory; Flying Wing, Orr. Subs, Yehle, Balfour, Klauer, Murphy, Walters.

Owing to sprains, Tweddle, LaBelle, and Levesque, three first string men, were in the stand.

The game marked the first public appearance of Vancouver College in Canadian Rugby. Columbia College holds the 1928 Junior Championship. The V. C. squad averaged 146 lbs. The Columbian team averaged 172 lbs.

M.C.M.

## JUNIOR HOCKEY LEAGUE

The commercial Hockey League having met with little support this year in Vancouver a Junior League was organized during the first week of De-

cember. In this league V. C. was kindly offered a berth by Mr. G. Patrick of the Arena. Immediately ex-pupils who were known to be hockey stars were looked up but the best of them were out of the city. With Dan Renix in Manitoba University, Ralph Lapierre in Nelson and Raymond Cherrier in Port Moody it was impossible to field a team. At the final tryout in the Arena Bill Whalen, Harry Horsman, and Ed. Gorman were the only likely prospects out of a dozen or more who came to show their wares. Thus fade our hopes of forming an Alumni ice-hockey team for this year at least.

## A CENTRE BUCK

Nick got the ball from Snap too soon,  
A centre buck he tried,  
Then ran zig-zag like a fierce typhoon,  
He broke the line like a toy balloon,  
And spilled them far and wide.

The full back stood upon his toes,  
The quarter on his ear,  
The centre slid upon his nose,  
The team brought up the rear.

The right end sat upon his neck,  
Three tacklers on their chest,  
The half-back then was made a wreck,  
And lay in the mud at rest.

The coroner was now called in,  
To set upon this last,  
One victim of the fray came in  
Set in a plaster cast.

That was the day the boarders played  
When Kelly-Dowd was late.  
A line buck sent him for a long, free  
ride  
As soon as Nick got the ball from his  
side,  
Tho' Dowd came to the fray so late.  
By a Boarder.

The landlady was carving the skinny three-pound chicken, while a dozen hungry boarders sat around the table eyeing it anxiously. In quick succession she asked each boarder which part of the fowl he would prefer. He called for a leg. Mrs. Skinem dropped her knife and asked indignantly: "What do you think this is, a spider?"

## McCORMACK HALL BOARDERS

### Day by Day

The last few remaining days of the term are being struck off with impatience from the boarders' calendar. It won't be long now! Friday the 20th sends a thrill of anticipation thro' every one of us. And why shouldn't it? The trains and busses and boats will soon pull out of the city laden with lively human freight, all merry and gay, for the merry Christmas time is here. Alas for the few solitary ones who cannot go home for the holidays!

### The First Snow.

The first snowfall has come. When we rubbed our eyes at 6:50 a.m. a week ago and stumbled across to the windows we saw the campus all white with fresh snow, and our early morning grumpy feeling changed to an almost irresistible impulse to rush out and pitch snowballs at everyone. But some mean guy just could not refrain from putting a big, wet, cold snowball down my back. The fog that had clung so tenaciously to our surroundings for some weeks has lifted at last: it was blamed for many troubles besides keeping us late for supper.

### Some Minor Accidents.

It must have been the fog that brought on the many minor accidents this season. How foggy it must have been, when Pete Levesque did not see his big brother in the way when he broke his wrist falling for a rugby ball and not at a practice either! He knows better now; he means to keep out of Fat's way in future. Fat himself soon after joined the One Step procession. And then the craze for sprained wrists began. Oscar, McLean and Hoessler had to be in the fashion with their slings. That mild and gentle game, soccer, is responsible for the crutches that Hally Tweddle has been sporting of late. He came unscathed thru the rugby season. Kelly Dowd in his new white suit has to keep straight. He was a nine days' wonder when he first came home but he will soon lose cast. Mark Gregory has our sympathies; he tore a ligament in his ankle in the last game of the season.

## Boxing.

The boxing bouts, twice a week, hold the interest of the seniors. Ed. Levesque ran Rooney all round the ring during the first round, but was puffed out at the end of the second. Jim Hughes fought Mark Gregory to a draw in a snappy encounter. Billie Ford gave J. Koster his first taste of a boxing glove; the latter simply wanted to be hit in the face. Gallioz, the keeper of the gloves was expected to hit Orr harder in his first bout. Harris Munsie settled a friendly dispute with Ernest Felton by a narrow win. Copeland—Hogan, and McNiff—Kennedy also ran. And now Oscar must introduce wrestling, Doug's own game in a tussle with Hughes.

### Christmas Gift Suggestions.

For Kelly Dowd—A cedar chest.  
For Ernest Felton—A doll carriage.  
For Murphy—Cigaret butts without end.  
For "Edgy"—An all-day sucker.  
For Doug.—A wooden sword.  
For "Grinny"—A car for his garage  
For "Fat"—Sprinting shoes.  
For Bill Klauer—An end run.  
For Pallesen—A wheelbarrow.  
For Morgan—A sleeping pill.  
For the Junior Boarders—A smoking set.  
For the Senior Boarders—One large cigar tray.

And now we must sign off in the words of Bill Shakespeare "Parting is such sweet sorrow." But we must say Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, till it be morrow.

## JUNIOR BOARDERS

The first term of our school year has passed pleasantly and successfully. Our days have been full with studies, games and hikes. At times we did not like the old bell's regular announcement of duty. But we have learned to realize that "order is heaven's first law." Badminton can boast of good men as Tom Hobson and Curt Smith. The rugby field has such formidable as "Spud" Mahoney, Leonard Wentz, and Bill Lindsay. The old game of soccer has no greater stal-

warts than Joe Holdsworth, Fred. Spiller, Jack Phelan, Billy Cody, John Pitman, Tommy Byrne, Gordon Collins, and Billy Campbell.

In our studies we are not wanting, for if you will notice the class leaders in past reviews, you will find that the names of Jack McMillan, Joe Holdsworth, John Pitman, Larry O'Keefe, Harry Koster, Larry Wentz, Billy Campbell Angus Campbell and Lloyd Guichon, are amongst the best.

Throughout the term, too, we've been entertained with cinema shows, every Saturday night by Br. Warren. We have also enjoyed several good spreads through the kindness of Rev. Br. Doyle, Principal.

So taking it all in all, things have gone well with us, and now we are off for a pleasant and enjoyable Christmas vacation. To all our friends, parents, teachers, and fellow chums we wish a merry, merry Christmas and that Santa Claus' visit may be the best ever.

### JUNIOR BOARDERS SOCCER LEAGUE

Every Monday and Friday, since mid-September, two teams picked from the Junior Boarders have had some hard fought games. No senior league could have put more spirit and enthusiasm into these games, than did these little men. Each boy played with all his might, as if a million dollar prize awaited the winner of the series.

With such promising young players, V. C. may well expect to find amongst them, those who in a few years hence, will represent V. C. on the soccer field, and in contests snatch a trophy or two, to decorate her glass cases.

Much credit is due Br. Hunt for his interest in the refereeing of these matches.

The winning team, captained by Joe Holdsworth won by a score of 13 points to 9. He was aided by such sturdy backers as J. Pitman, E. Felton, J. Cody, F. Cody, Larry Wentz, G. Collins, J. Bagnall, P. Dalton, D. Gillis, F. Salter, B. Campbell, D. Adams, H. Koster and J. Perrigo.

### SOCCER—INTERMURAL

Intermural soccer league ended its season's schedule this week with the teams ranking as follows:

Team	Points
Rangers .....	17
Live Wires .....	15
Rovers .....	6
Wanderers .....	2

Members of the winning team to receive athletic pins in the near future are: Vignal (cap), Murphy, Keys, Barker, J. Charleston, Whitaker, McLorg, Davies, McCabe, Russell, Bourassa, Clancy and Gilbert.

Some unique scores of the season:—  
Rangers vs. Rovers..... 1-1  
Rangers vs. Rovers .....10-1  
Live Wires vs. Wanderers.....10-0  
Live Wires vs. Rovers..... 6-1

In the last mentioned game ever-roaming Rovers struck bottom, fielding only four players, though these four were sufficient to keep the score 1-1 at half-time. In the second session, exhausted, each player covering several positions, they yielded five goals. The four "steadfast" Rovers, worthy of mention, are Bourque, Calkins, Hanbury and Wheatly.

### BADMINTON

Two notable events in the history of the badminton club since last month were the increase in membership and the introduction of the badminton "ladder." Two specially designed (if rather literal) ladders were donated by Mr. Jack Martin. An excited scramble for honorable positions immediately followed with G. Hanbury, T. McLorg, W. McDonagh and A. McMillan emerging on top. The first two interchange places regularly about once a week, the matches on these occasions being played with racquets and tongues. At the time of writing, Hanbury holds the top notch.

R. Sidaway, of tennis fame, is the best of the seniors and will likely lead that division for some time.

Recently, our courts were visited by Hec Stewart of the Hill Club, who turned professional long enough to show us tyros how the game should be played. Hec, you should know, has taken a lesson himself.



## THE COURT'S FIRST SESSION.

Seven small boys were seated in a conspicuous part of the matric classroom and looked a trifle nervous. One by one they were called up before a senior student who was acting as the judge and were cross examined. They all pleaded guilty except one, who contested the matter, but after hearing the case the jury found him guilty. The offences were asking lifts, disorderly conduct on street car and ungentlemanly behaviour, and they were punished with sentences of four to six half-hour's extra work. The proceedings were carried on with conspicuous fairness and absolute gravity, there being no cause to appeal for help from the Brother present.

Yes, indeed, the first court of the College was a marked success, and if any had been sceptical they were now convinced of the usefulness of this body to the College. Even since the commencement of the school it has always been a problem how to control the conduct on the street cars or elsewhere; the solution has been evidently found in the Vancouver College court, and it deserves every bit of co-operation from the students.

It would be fitting here to enlighten some as regards this court. It is not an arbitrary movement governed by a group of boys who are licensed to deal out indiscriminate punishment. No, the Brothers are heartily behind the movement and as for the judge and jury, the former was elected by common consent and the jury is formed by representatives of every high school class. The judgeship is in the very able hands of A. Hall and the jury is composed of H. Horsman, C. McCleery, R. Sidaway, P. McGuire, J. Greer, F. Yehle, P. Heritage and Jas. Morgan.

The accusations are handed into the secretary of the court, W. Lynott, on written form, with offense and witnesses complete, these are then sorted and verified before they are brought up in court; this has to be done very carefully, as there is a danger of false evidence or practical jokes. However, there has been only one case of this yet.

The institution of this court is of more importance than one sees on the

surface, for not only does it safeguard the school's name outside bounds, but there is also the added stimulus for the seniors of the school to show the way to the juniors in right conduct.

—Ronald Sidaway.

## THE HUMOROUS SIDE OF THE SECOND SESSION

(Our reporter "draws on his imagination for his facts and on his memory for his wit").

Here ye! Here ye! It is Friday, November 29, the day of the Court's second session. Magistrate A. Hall sits at his bench, making a grim and foreboding figure, the sight of whom makes the culprits fidget and squirm.

The first two offenders are brought forward, and their trial commences:—The sobs of the guilty one are heard through the court—but soon he recovers his composure. "Boys do you know what you are here for, to-day?" inquired the judge.

"I guess it's for fighting and bustin' that guy's suit case," a treble voice frankly asserts.

"Do you realize the gravity of your offence?" (snickers from the audience.

"Yep," declares the small one briefly.

"Are you guilty or not guilty," demands the judge.

"Guilty," replies the shameless one without a qualm.

"Do you realize that your actions in kicking that boy's suit-case, cost him at least a dollar and a half?" questions the judge.

"Ninety-eight cents," corrected the owner of the suit case.

At this casual remark, the hearers burst into laughter; the jury going into hysterics.

"I will ask the jury for its verdict."

"Guilty but not deserving of severe punishment," declares Harry Horseman.

On reproving the offenders, and receiving a promise that he will behave more gentlemanly in the future the case is dismissed.

The next humorous case which arose, concerned a member of second year. This audacious lad had not only risked his neck entering the sacred precincts of third year, but also had

dared to scorch the matric debate calendar. Horrors!

"Do you realize that this unseemly disrespect of private property will lead you into very serious trouble, perhaps to the scaffold?" Art inquires.

"I don't think tho," lisps the accused (again the gentle snickering in the gallery becomes audible).

"Order! Order!" cries his honor, tapping the desk vigorously with a broken chair-rung, "in any case, your action is certainly not that of a gentleman. Is not that so?" (No answer.)

"Why did you scorch the paper?"

"There was a fly there."

"And would you go round your own home burning flies off the furniture? Why scorch them to death? And again you are guilty of cruelty to poor dumb animals or insects rather. Moreover you are liable to set the school on fire by burning flies everywhere you see them. And all over a tiny fly! How did you do it?"

"With a cigarette butt."

"Now I shall ask the jury to retire and bring back their verdict, on the burning question."

"We, gentlemen of the jury find the accused guilty, but owing to his being a member of second year, we find him not altogether responsible for his actions, and therefore ask your honor that no penalty be given."

Harry said this without batting an eyelash.

The judge forbade any alien to enter third year room without either an escort or a written excuse.

Other cases were brought up, some being remanded owing to lack of evidence, a few sentenced to a week's hard labor.

The court proceeds, thus far into the night. However, its good effects are remarkably noticeable in the conduct of the culprits. I myself candidly think that this newborn court has more influence over the conduct of the school boys than the coveted V. C. pin.

W. Lynott.

Burglar, to his wife)—I've tried blasting and I've tried a sledge-hammer, but I still can't get this safe open.

Wife—Don't give up; let the baby play with it.

## IN JAPANESE ENGLISH.

The following is an exact copy of a card to English-speaking tourists who drive automobiles in Japan. The card is headed:

### "Rules of the Road in Japan."

"At the rise of the hand of policeman( stop rapidly. Do not pass him by or otherwise disrespect him.

"When a passenger of te foot hove in sight, tootle the horn; trumpet to him melodiously at first. If he still obstacles your passage, tootle him with vigor and express by word of mouth the warning, 'Hi. Hi.'

"Beware of the wandering orse that he shall not take flight as you pass him. Do not explode the exhaust box at him. Go soothingly by, or stop by the roadside till he pass away.

"Give big space to the festive dog that makes sport in the roadway. Avoid entanglement of the dog with your wheel spokes.

"Go soothingly on the grease-mud as there lurk the skid demon. Press the brake of the foot as you roll around the corners to save the collapse and tie-up."

## WHO ARE THEY?

Since time and space will not allow  
To make a list of all right now,  
We'll give a rhyme to suit the day  
And hope you listen to our lay.

A group of boys you ne'er did see,  
Asleep, awake or all at sea,  
So slack, so slow, so sleepy head,  
You'd like to kick them all to bed.

But then, as fast as they would sleep,  
Their snores would make an angel  
weep,

And so your pain you thought relieved  
Would all come back on you deceived.

Now who will give them common  
sense,

To learn that life is too intense,  
To throw away on things of chance,  
And lose a treasure for a dance?

Is he a fool that has long said:  
That he is wise who can't be led.  
To lose his time in idle ways,  
In sleep or talk or useless plays?



The debating season is over, and there are many glad hearts—that all the nervous tremors from stage fright, sudden lapse of memory and lack of thorough preparation for the ordeal—that all these shivers are over for another twelve months. Second and Third year classes have gone through a regular schedule: they have had lively discussions, showing here a sparkling wit, there a witless spark. But when the heat of battle is over and the smoke has cleared some leaders in the fray stand out just a little less small than their fellow-debaters, and these are: Harry Horsman, Joseph Greer, Matt. Evoy, Paul Cantwell, Fred. Smith, William Lynott from Third year and James Blake, Fred. Yehle, Lawrence Peters, Edward Levesque from Second year.

At the end of the last debate several of the audience were called upon for impromptu remarks on the subject under discussion, namely that Italy did more for civilization than any other country of Europe. When the first speaker from the audience got over his hesitation about coming forward general anxiety to speak was evident. Although third year won the series of debates from Second, having lost one and tied one yet Second year was loath to part and kept up a verbal battle impromptu. The climax came when our Eugene stood up quite confidently to give us the fruit of his vast erudition. The following are his brief remarks: "I think there was no difference between Third year and Second, tion. The following are his brief re-Of course next year Second will be as good as Third when they have more experience."

### QUOTATIONS FROM GREAT ORATORS

"The French Revolution was an unmitigated crime against God and man, as everybody knows. Why? Because!

(laughter) Now Robespierremirabeau-marat . . ." (more laughter).

Robert Brooks.

"My colleagues took most of my debate."

Jim Barry.

"Mr. Chairman, Rev. Judges, I mean Hon. Judges, ladies and gentlemen, and worthy opponents."

Roland Egerton.

"In those times . . . a-a-a-when they had no electric light . . . a-a-a-a-they could not see . . . a-a-a-"

Joseph Nickerson.

"I'm sure the judges will give the decision in my favor."

Hector Stewart.

### CAUGHT IN THE ACT

As he trudged along with the bag on his back he kept to the dark, unfrequented streets. A few passers-by had eyed him suspiciously and had cast doubtful glances at the filled bag he carried. But he was prepared to run the risk, and scurried quickly on his way.

The light of a lamp-post showed him how ill-fitting his clothes were. They had evidently been made for a bigger man. Still he couldn't grumble; they were the only ones in the house that would suit him. A twinge in his shoulder attracted his attention to the burden he was carrying. Yes, he knew he had taken too much. He should have been more easily satisfied; but he realized how little it would all seem when it was divided up.

Then while crossing a street, his arm was tightly grasped by a policeman. He was recognized. He was easily recognized, because his picture had been in the paper that morning.

He was on his way to the masquerade to act Santa Claus for the kiddies.

Mac.



## CLASS NOTES

### Third Year

Christmas, besides bringing joy and happiness, also brings exams, and Third Year is even now in the throes of the preparation for these necessary evils. Somehow the term has gone all too quickly, and if the following terms keep up the pace there will be trouble in June. However, that is another story. Besides work, the most important thing that Third Year has tried to accomplish is to improve our external relations with the B. C. Electric by means of the court. With Art Hall as the most able judge (a new dignity for our bewhiskered one) it has already done great work and will be dealt with more fully elsewhere on these pages.

The Billiard Tournament has been a great success and diversion, and it has now thinned down to Cantwell, Stewart, Scott, Smith and the great Castleton. Who is going to be the winner?

Rugby ended on Saturday, Dec. 7, when the college went down to a plucky defeat of 16-12 by Columbia College. Reynolds played a superb game at quarterback and Nickerson was the same line plunging fool of yore, and scored one of the two touchdowns for us.

Broken and wrenched ankles being so much in vogue, that Paul Cantwell just had to wrench his, and incidentally had a week's rest.

And one day last month who should breeze in but one of second year's prodigal students, none other than Bill Kenyon, and so great was our joy upon seeing that same old smiling face that Brother nearly had to call the day off in celebration, only Bill had to go and miss that question in French and spoil it all.

A great mystery has now been solved. It has often puzzled us how Hec. Stewart got into Third Year without writing his exams and without being extremely brilliant in 2nd Year. Your correspondent interviewed the great man lately and he said: "The secret is talk convincingly, nearly break down and cry, and most important make numberless resolutions." "Do you mean to keep those resolutions?" I asked him. The well known twinkle in his

eye answered me, and I went my way thinking what a great travelling salesman he would make. Now who knows Hec's address? The Christmas report must not go astray.

Art Hall is being rivalled in the production of upper lip foliage, for Joe Greer has developed a real cookyduster and is the dead image of Ronald Coleman (another of those handsome Ronalds).

Nickerson is quite an accomplished boy; he has perfected that perfectly blank look that is the dumbest looking thing ever, and his long drawn out ah-h-h when Brother asks him where the word is, is a veritable masterpiece. Nick can snore—and how!

Rotund Robert Brooks should head for the Talkies right away. His vocal efforts and readings would be a panic if one can judge by the impression he made in his debate. Darkly handsome Mort Reynolds can talk through his teeth in the most charming way and Bill Lynott was so struck with the effect that he started practicing it, until he became a public menace and Brother had to put a stop to it.

The other day our prize exhibit, Castleton declared that not only could he tie his bootlaces up, but he could touch his toes in a waist bend. That evening he had to borrow a boarder's overcoat before he could go home.

"The parting of the ways is sad," sobbed Fred Smith into his handkerchief. "Good-bye, but not for ever," said Harry O'Hagan prostrated with grief, as Brother told them they had caused enough mischief and consigned them to the uttermost extremities of the room.

R. Sidaway.

### Second Year

Long lines of desks, in each desk a pupil, on each desk a school-book, with every eye riveted to a book, and perfect silence reigning over all; that is Second Year, in Br. Power's dreams.

But much as we hate to admit it, in class and out of class, particularly at meal time, we are working. Our work in the ticket campaign proves this, for if there were no grades eight and seven in the school, we would have won. In the recent attempt to increase the

number of books in the library, our class contributed many learned volumes.

The proximity of the Christmas exams has brought fear to many a heart and all manner of woeful tidings glide on the breeze. As that famous character Brucey said, "Just leave the man who invented exams. with us for five minutes; he'll never be the same after we're done with him."

In debating our prowess is unexcelled as Third Year well knows. So far, Locky has given us the maximum of humor.

Pins have a great influence in our room this month, for as well as voting for V. C. pins, the class executive has decided on a Second Year pin. During the voting for V. C. pins, "Grinny" wore a most vindictive grin.

In the recent game between Columbia and V. C., though it was lost, yet all Second Year played a plucky game as did the rest of the team. Not to be out of fashion, Mark Gregory sprained his ankle. Why not form a company to rent out those crutches, as they are getting rather worn out? Though our money-box is empty, wee Tommy McCarry keeps a tight grip on it.

You ought to hear McNiff say "Oh, yeah," the Black Maria has been called out for less.

Ed. Levesque still gambols around the room like "une grosse vache."

Well, so long for now, and if you see any well-fed persons with bulging abdomens, you know that it is Second Year.

Norman Pallesen.

### Grade 9 A

The Christmas spirit is once more with us! Again we are besieged with a barrage of people connected with some Santa Claus Fund, and we give generously for the needy.

At the same time we must not forget the class spirit work; and plenty of it. Our exams commenced on the 16th and the room had quite a battle with Brother Murtagh's choicest problems. We all want good marks and we certainly worked hard to get them.

A student, Lang by name, grew worried when it dawned upon him the exams were almost here, but now he is

fast returning to normal.

The above case may be likened to that of a certain Mr. Lipp—overwork.

There was quite a furore of excitement over the ticket raffle campaign which went over big. Though Grade Eight topped the list, our class was well in the van. Some boys were a little slack. Doug. Rothwell led the room with two books to his credit. However, we had the satisfaction of besting our rivals, the other Grade Nine. We take this opportunity of congratulating W. Cody on his excellent showing. He is a credit to the College and to the Boarders.

An amusing incident reported for this column especially by the star V. C. Press:—One Ernest Felton, while in French class the other day, was loth to read his translation because the sentence assigned him contained the words "ma poupee," and the said boy did not want his true colors unmasked. We may guess that Felton will have a very merry Christmas with his "petite poupee," and we hope you have one, too.

Jas. Morgan

### EXCHANGES

This is a new department in the V. C. Review. Its purpose is to evaluate other school magazines and, in return, to invite helpful comment. Our list of exchanges is small but growing, and any new publications coming our way will be gladly welcomed.

The Magee High Cosmos—Magee H. S., Vancouver. Quite a sizeable magazine, containing many new features. We admire the frank manner in which the staff presents its problems to its readers and the business-like solution it suggests. Sport department is varied and complete; humor is good and "Stump Ranching" holds premier place in the literary section. "If," is outstanding among the imitative verse your contributors are attempting. And we much enjoyed reading Stephen Leacock's "Boarding House Geometry."

The Oriole—Leo. H. S., Chicago. Every once in a while a copy of your newsy school-paper comes along in the mail. The athletic department is

consistently good, and Enquiring Reporter is an interesting novelty. We should like to see you oftener.

The Columbian—Holy Family H. S. N. J. Greatly improved over last year's edition, this booklet comes to us laden with literary matter. "The Last Leaf," by one of the students greatly resembles O. Henry's story of the same name.

The Collegian—St. Mary's College, Halifax. Pleased to note the reappearance in classic form of this interesting monthly. More than most it bears the stamp of originality. Far beyond praise is the well-known "Saith the Cyrenian," composition of the Editor.

The Blue and White—All Hallow's H. S. N. Y. Clad in a new garb, but sustaining the same high order of composition, the Blue and White (Thanksgiving number) carries an excellent editorial and general assortment of timely articles. We have not yet determined how often this school paper is being issued, but are on the lookout for the Quarterly of which we can expect much.

Other publications received:— The Maroon, Central H. S., Butte; The Bostolphian, Boston, H.S., Boston; St. Joseph's Prep. Chronicle, St. Joseph's Preparatory School, Penn.; Delescope, De la Salle Collegiate Institute, Toronto; Adelphian, St. Bonaventure's College, St. John's, Nfld.

Customer—I want some powder to kill cockroaches.

Clerk—Will you take it with you?

Customer—No, I'll have the cockroaches call and you can rub it on their little tummies.

## PETE'S LETTER TO HIS BROTHER

Aye yust got a letter from my brother in der ol country. Aye can keep it only two days longer as it say "return in five days." Yimminy whiz., he has made it so close to the paper that aye can read it hardly.

"Dear broder David. De reason aye didn't rite sooner is because ve moved Aye schel tell you the sad news. Your uncle Obert, whom you loved so good, is dead. He died very sudden after being sick about six months. Hope this letter finds you the same. Ve don't know the cause for his death, but he yust lay down and der vind leaked out of him.

"Your Aunt Pauline is been dead, too. She was mopping floor ven she shipped and crack her bean on der floor. De doctor give us all hope ven she was buried.

"Your old friend John Jacobson was held and killed for his money. He was lucky as he left all his money home, so all he lost was his life.

"Ole Stenhagen fell in the river and was drowned. Same thing happened to him last summer.

"Aye haf no more to say, ave vil close. If you don't get this letter, write me and tell me at once and I vill send you anoder von.

"P. S.—Aye vas going to send you that five dollars aye owe you, but aye had already seal up this letter and mailed it before aye thought of the \$5.

"Your loving brother Pete."

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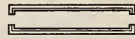
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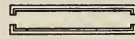


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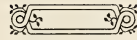
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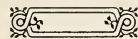
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